

[Envelope:]

Lt. A.S. Aiken
O – 406500
A – 8, Fort Greely
Alaska

[Transcription begins]

Greenbelt, Md.

Hi My Darling –

We certainly aren't very good as letter writers are we? Compared to some of the gals at school who write and recieve [sic] long letters every day, our ardour seems rather cool—hm? Well anyway we both know that's not true so I guess nothing else is very important.

In just about two weeks it will be as long since I've seen you as it was while you were in Texas: Doesn't seem possible does it? Time has gone by a lot faster but even so it's an awful feeling to know that we are loosing [sic] so much time together. I'm getting to the stage where you seem almost like a dream or something I just thought up—but don't worry—it's nothing very serious. Doesn't it seem that way to you at times?

You almost scared me green for a minute when I opened that Life. The first pictures were about the A.V. Flyers in Burma and I was afraid you'd gotten over there by some hook or crook. Anyway I found the article about Kodiak eventually. I'm glad you're there rather than further out in the Aleutians. But I don't see how you figure that Life gave out the information that you were there, so how did you get your letter past the censor.

It's too bad we can't write each other in Spanish or something. I have decided that after we're married we should go to night school at the closest University and keep on learning things. Not all the time, just a couple of nights a week during the winter—and a language would be a good thing to take. I would like very much to be able to speak another language—Spanish—I suppose because I would be smarter than you in French and you could never stand that!

I got a letter from my aunt in Denver. I wrote her when I heard she had been so ill. She said that she was sorry about the war disrupting our plans but that I was still very young and “only an understanding providence who knew how it would feel to be Great-aunt Rosie to someone could have postponed your nuptuals [sic].” She's Dad's sister, and an awfully nice person, although I've only seen her at intervals because they lived so far away. Denver's a beautiful city. I remember the summer we were out there we slept on a sleeping porch and it seemed so wonderful to be able to wake up and see the Rockies in the morning when the mist hadn't quite gone from them.

Mary is definitely planning to be married in June. I'll believe it when I see the ring on her finger though, because this is the third time she's been engaged since she got to Washington, but they get along fine and he's awfully thoughtful of her so I hope they do.

Well Terry has definitely joined your ranks in spirit anyway. He saw the 47 the other day and says he doesn't care if he never gets a job after the war is over, he wants to fly that ship anyway. He was really raving. Nothing but pursuit for him from now on. He was just in from a flight and when I asked him where he'd been he accused me of being a spy—but as I was used to having you call me a fifth columnist, it didn't bother me. Anyway he said he'd had a swell time in Dallas a couple of nights before. I had to laugh when I remembered the day we got that violet-perfumed letter for him from Frederick after he'd been on a cross-country up there. Ye Gods if he works that on a nation-wide scale the country will be in a dither.

Dot says Gordon's having to wash out a lot of fellows who are trying to join the air corps in preference to being drafted. He and Alice are getting along fine—entering right into the social swim it seems.

We had the hottest May 1st on record yestryday [sic]—94° and it stayed right up there all day too, but it's cool today.

Well, have you asked the Admiral whether I can come up and stay or not. I shouldn't think the Navy would care whether the army was demoralized or not. Besides I'm not in the least afraid of bears. There aren't any spiders are there?

You never said what you thought about my idea of checking the passage of time. I still think it's pretty good.

Only one more month of school. It seems such a short time ago that you met me at school that morning and I cut my first phys. ed. class. School was only beginning then. We don't have any more final exams. Instead they cram the final into 1 hr. exam. Life is woefully hard.

Everybody thought my ring was beautiful. Especially the foods class of 8 members. Six are engaged and the other 2 go steady. We really have a wild time. The poor teacher never gets a word in edge wise.

Well chicken, you know darn well I love you horribly. I wish so much I could see your for just a little. That doesn't seem like much to ask but I guess these days it's too much. So we'll just have to hang on tight and keep taking the long view.

Love me a lot –
Pat.

Saw Terry again he just got back from a trip down south where he saw Lts. Short & Vincent who knew you at Selfridge and said hello. Short had just gotten out of a hospital

after bailing out of a 59 in a tight spin at 200 ft. He (Terry) goes in to officers school Monday I guess, and will come out a nine-day wonder. Hobart is already in school. He said he was going to snub every body in town for a week after he got his commission but he changed his mind when I reminded him that I'd be married to a ranking officer. He got even by saying that we'd have to serve him drinks. I said yes—cocoa in winter & limonade in summer—but he said “Not if I know Aiken—at least after the honeymoon is over.” However, I insisted that I had more power over you than that—oh yes

I love you honey— Pat [Transcription ends]